



\$3.99 ISSUE NO. 1

WASTED SPACE



1

MORECI SHERMAN WORDIE CAMPBELL

SPACE.

1,000 miles
above the Ring
of Cassoria.

THE GALAXY IS
TOTALLY FUCKED.

BUT OUT HERE IN THE BLACK...
OUT HERE, IT'S NOT SO BAD.
I LIKE FLOATING IN THE
ABYSS.



I JUST TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT
ALL THE PEOPLE WHO WOULD BUZZ
MY ZEN BY SAYING SOMETHING
LIKE, "HEY ASSHOLE, SINCE YOU
LIKE THE ABYSS SO MUCH, WHY
NOT CUT THE CORD AND FLOAT
OFF INTO FOREVER?"

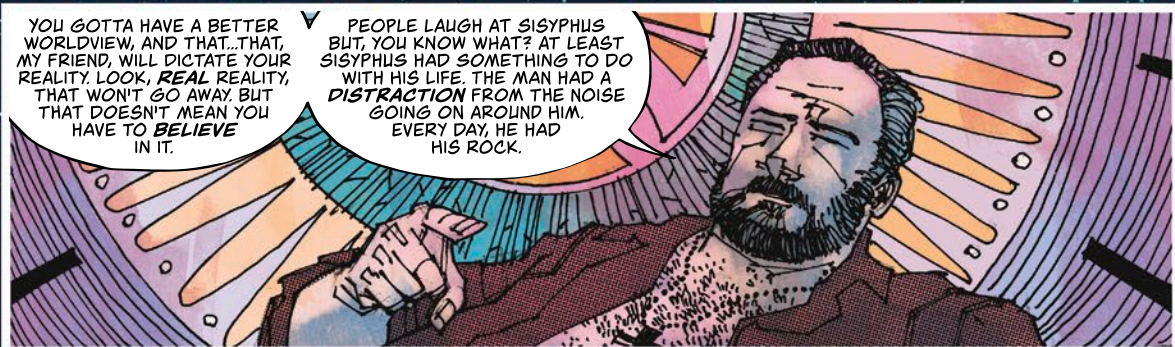
MILLIONS OF THEM
WOULD CUT IT FOR
ME. SHIT, MAYBE
BILLIONS.



BUT, WHATEVER. SEE, I
REMEMBER, WHEN THINGS
WERE GOOD WHEN THE
GALAXY WAS UNFUCKED,
AND IT'S NOT A MATTER OF
PERSPECTIVE OR WHATEVER
COPING BULLSHIT THE TV
HEAD SHRINKERS ARE
SELLING. MY DEALER,
K, HE SAYS--

YOU GOTTA HAVE A BETTER
WORLDVIEW, AND THAT... THAT,
MY FRIEND, WILL DICTATE YOUR
REALITY. LOOK, **REAL** REALITY,
THAT WON'T GO AWAY. BUT
THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU
HAVE TO BELIEVE
IN IT.

PEOPLE LAUGH AT SISYPHUS
BUT, YOU KNOW WHAT? AT LEAST
SISYPHUS HAD SOMETHING TO DO
WITH HIS LIFE. THE MAN HAD A
DISTRACTION FROM THE NOISE
GOING ON AROUND HIM.
EVERY DAY, HE HAD
HIS ROCK.



I GUESS I'M LACKING
A ROCK? I DO HAVE THIS
FOG ON MY MASK. ALL
I HAVE TO DO IS BREATHE,
AND--POOF--THE GALAXY IS
GONE. BUT EVENTUALLY, IT
COMES BACK. AND SISYPHUS?
HIS ROCK ROLLED DOWN
THE MOUNTAIN, EVERY
DAY.

IF WHAT K SAYS IS TRUE,
SISYPHUS PROBABLY
WANTED TO PUSH THAT
THING FOREVER.

BECAUSE WHEN YOU'RE
BEHIND A ROCK THAT
BIG, YOU CAN'T SEE
SHIT ELSE. YOU CAN
FORGET.





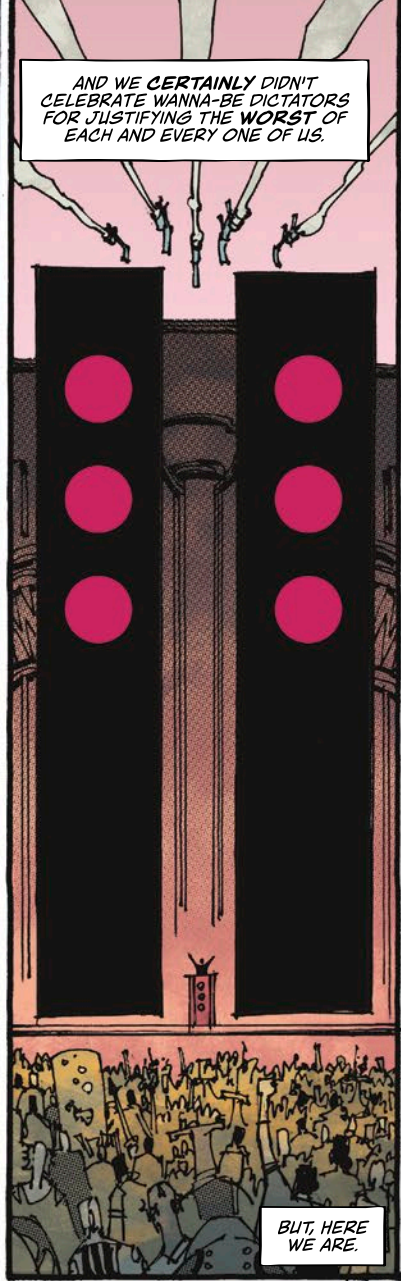
FORGET HOW THE GALAXY IS GLEEFULLY DETERMINED TO STUFF PEACE, HARMONY, JUSTICE, BLAH BLAH BLAH --ALL THOSE NICETIES-- STRAIGHT INTO THE WOOD CHIPPER.

PEOPLE USED TO GET ALONG, OR THEY AT LEAST HAD THE DECENCY TO PRETEND.



THERE WEREN'T ALWAYS BLOCKADES AND BANS ON, WELL, SHIT, EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE.

PEOPLE USED TO BE ABLE TO CHILL THE FUCK OUT A LITTLE BIT.



AND WE CERTAINLY DIDN'T CELEBRATE WANNA-BE DICTATORS FOR JUSTIFYING THE WORST OF EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US.

BUT, HERE WE ARE.



AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF ONE MAN: THE GALACTIC LEADER.

NO, WAIT. CHECK THAT.

NOT THE PART ABOUT THIS MESS BEING THE FAULT OF ONE MAN, BECAUSE THAT'S TRUE. BUT IT'S NOT THE GALACTIC LEADER...

IT'S ME.

THE CREATOR SPEAKS TO ME--YES HE DOES, YES HE DOES. AND HE TELLS ME, HE SAYS, "BILLY, YOU TELL THOSE PEOPLE. TELL THEM THAT NO MATTER HOW THEY MAY TOIL AND SUFFER, NO MATTER THEIR FEARS OR WEAKNESSES--I HAVE A PLAN FOR THEM."

OR, AT LEAST I THINK IT IS.

SEE, I USED TO BE SOMEBODY.

THE CREATOR IS LEADING US ALL. GUIDING US, SHAPING OUR ENTIRE WORLD--AND WE EACH PLAY A VITAL ROLE. KNOW THAT, KNOW IT CLEARLY:

THE CREATOR HAS A PLAN FOR US, AND NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE OR WHERE YOU'RE FROM, AS LONG AS YOU TRUST IN THE CREATOR, **ALL WILL BE WELL**. SAY IT WITH ME NOW!

AND MAYBE I WAS HAPPY, TOO.

"ALL WILL BE WELL!"

ALL I HAVE IS THE NOW, AND THE NOW IS TOTALLY AND IRREVOCABLY--YEAH, I ALREADY TOLD YOU--FUCKED.

HOW DID I GET HERE? MAYBE I WAS LIED TO.

MAYBE I LIED.

OR MAYBE I'M JUST NUTS.

NOW, HAPPINESS IS LIKE STARVING AND TRYING TO REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO EAT A STEAK.

MEMORIES DON'T DO A DAMN THING TO FILL YOUR BELLY.

You're doing good, Billy. Soon, I will task you with the most important message you've ever delivered. It will change the world, just like I've promised.

Soon, Billy.



SO THAT'S WHY I LIKE IT OUT HERE. OUT
IN SPACE WHERE THERE'S NOTHING.
JUST ME AND OBLIVION.

AT LEAST, FOR A LITTLE WHILE.
BECAUSE I'M NEVER TRULY
ALONE. SOONER OR LATER...

HE ALWAYS
SHOWS UP.

THE CREATOR.



The world
needs darkness,
Billy. Close your
eyes so you
can see.

"See the
darkness..."



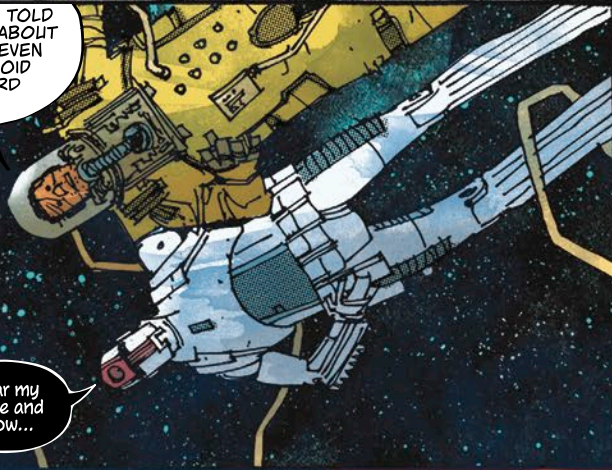
"...And now see
the light.

"It's coming,
Billy."

WOULD IT HELP IF I TOLD YOU I DON'T CARE ABOUT WHAT'S COMING, EVEN IF IT'S AN ASTEROID BLAZING TOWARD MY FACE?

Fear not, Billy. I've guided you your entire life.

Hear my voice and know...



DON'T SAY IT. PLEASE DON'T SAY IT.

"All will be well."



I HATE YOU SO MUCH.



DUST, COME IN. DUST, YOU THERE?

YEAH, I'M HERE, BUT I TOLD YOU I'D BE BUSY.



I HAVE A SESSION-- YOU KNOW, THAT THING I DO THAT PAYS FOR OUR FOOD AND GAS, AND DRUGS.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT YOU TO USE THAT FLUG BOT MAGIC OF YOURS TO WRAP IT UP.



I'M TIRED OF SPACE. LET'S GO PLANETSIDE AND GET FUCKED UP.